The SECOND PART of

ORIGINAL

POEMS:

Serious and Humorous.

By Mr. *HENRY BAKER.*

Good Nature and good Senſe muſt ever joyn;
To err, is human, to forgive, divine.

Mr. *Pope*'s Criticiſm.

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To the LADIES.

FAIR! Wiſe! and Good! on You theſe Numbers wait:
They hope: they fear:---for You to them are [Fate.
While You approve, let ſnarling *Critics* blame;
In vain their Spleen:---Your Smiles are more than Fame:
But ſhould You frown, no Joy their Praiſe can give:
Unbleſt by You, 'tis Puniſhment to live.

I am,

LADIES,

Your moſt Devoted Servant,

HENRY BAKER.

THE PREFACE.

THAT kind Treatment my former Pieces met with, emboldens These to come abroad, which, I hope, are not less deserving. The same Novelty, Manner, and Variety, whereby the Others pleased, is here likewise to be found; then, let them be accepted with the same Good-nature, and share the same Success. To endeavour well is the first Step towards Perfection, herein I have not been wanting; and whatever my Faults are, they proceed neither from Negligence nor Obstinacy, and therefore may expect a Pardon.

This Way of interspersing ludicrous with solemn Compositions, will be, perhaps, objected to: I might plead the common Custom of so doing; but there

there is ſtill a better Reaſon: for the Attention *is kept up more ſtrong and lively by ſuch frequent ſhifting of the Subject; beſides, amongſt* Diverſity, *every* Reader *may find ſomewhat agreeable to his own Taſte: and, as the* Pieces *are wholly independent of each other, there can be no great Impropriety in ſuch a Mixture.*

My Invocation *of* Health, *which ſlip'd abroad alone, is here reprinted, at the Requeſt of ſome, whoſe obliging* Partiality *for its Author made them unwilling it ſhould be loſt: but, that excepted, Nothing here has ever yet appear'd.*

In the Story of Valentino *and* Cleanthe, *I have taken an unuſual Liberty, of carrying on the* Senſe *from one Line to another, without regarding thoſe Bounds commonly aſſign'd, and confining it to the* Rhyme; *but when the Nature of a* Tale *is well conſidered, I believe this Freedom will not be much condemned. —— I am more afraid my Fair* Readers *ſhould be offended at the* Execration *with which it ends: but if they pleaſe to reflect on the Condition of the* Perſon *making it, and how from being the happieſt, he is become the moſt miſerable Creature living, I am perſwaded, none of them can vindicate the perjur'd* Beauty, *or forbear pitying the wretched* Sufferer. —— Paſſion *conſtantly flies*

out

out in Generals: Love *and* Deſpair, *the moſt violent of all Paſſions, have turn'd his Brain; and ſurely there is no reaſon for any to be diſpleas'd at the extravagant Raut of an unfortunate* Madman.

As to theſe other Pieces, *I give them up to* Fortune, *and upon no Account ſhall at all interpoſe between the* World *and* Them: —— *If they have any Merit, let that ſupport them; if not, my Endeavours would prove of ſmall Effect.*

The Reader is deſir'd to correct theſe Miſtakes.

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51.	—— 5.	——	beſtows, *make* beſtrows.
54.	—— 15.	——	Sheperdeſs, *make* Shepherdeſs.
80.	—— laſt	——	Woe, *make* Woes.

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Utendum eſt Ætate.

MAN! thy fruitleſs Labour ſpare:
Vain, alas! is all thy Care!
Cruel Death's uplifted Arm
Wealth or Titles cannot charm.
Fleeting Time no Bribe will ſtay:
Swift the Moments haſte away:
Beyond recall the paſt are gone,
The preſent ſtill are poſting on;
All to come, perhaps, may be,
Never, never known, by Thee.
Since 'tis ſo, this Inſtant prove
All the Joys of Life and Love.

Be in *Champaign* thy Sorrows drown'd,
Briskly let it ſparkle round:
On the Fair One's ſnowy Breaſt,
Loſt to Care, be fully bleſt:
Boldly reap her blooming Charms,
And fill the Circle of her Arms.
For Death will ſtrike, and Thou ſhalt have
But a dark and ſilent Grave.

On the Month of MAY.

An ODE.

I.

WElcome, ever-charming *May!*
Darling of the rolling Year!
Bleſt with *Phœbus'* kindeſt Ray,
Brightly-mild doſt Thou appear;

Wanton

Wanton *Zephyrs* gayly ſporting,
Shed their fruitful Influences,
Flora ſtill thy Favour courting,
Fragrant Odours round diſpenſes.

II.

Happy Month! in whom appear
The blooming Glories of the Year:
Nature fondly ſmiling on Thee,
Laviſhes her Gifts upon Thee,
All her Treaſures,
All her Pleaſures,
All that's beautiful and gay,
All her Roſes,
All her Poſies,
She prepares, to ſtrow thy Way.

III.

Ten thouſand Flowers fair and ſweet
Spring up, and blow, beneath thy Feet;

Ten thouſand various Garlands ſpread
Their blended Luſtre round thy Head;
Every Grove in praiſe of Thee
Rings with melodious Harmony;
And liſt'ning Echoes, all around,
Repeat, and propagate the Sound.

IV.

O! how charming is the Scene!
The Sky ſerene,
The Meadows green,
The murm'ring Streams,
Which gently creep,
Inducing Sleep,
And pleaſing Dreams:
Shades
Inviting,
Glades
Delighting,

Fruitful

Fruitful Plains,
Where Nymphs and Swains
Free from anxious Cares, poſſeſs
Laſting Joy and Happineſs.

V.

All Praiſe to Thee, Eternal *May!*
Ever youthful, ever gay!
To Thee the Poet tunes his Lyre,
To Thee who gav'ſt him all his Fire.
Lovely Month! for ever prove
Sacred to the God of Love;
Let ſtill the Fair One learn by Thee,
How ſweetly mild ſhe ought to be;
May'ſt Thou her melting Heart diſpoſe
To eaſe the pining Lover's Woes;
Make Her with open Arms receive him,
Fold him to her glowing Breaſt,
With Love's exalted Joys relieve him,
And in bleſſing him be bleſt.

Lovely Month! for ever prove,
Sacred to the God of Love:
May all thy joyful Moments be
Fill'd with ſublime Felicity!

EPITHALAMIUM.

HYMEN! the Bridal-bed prepare,
Summon all the *Loves* together;
Virgins! Undreſs the bluſhing Fair,
Hoping, fearing, lead her thither.

II.

At length, forbear to rob the Bow'rs,
Enough the Bed is deckt with Flow'rs,
Myrtle, Lillies, Pinks, and Roſes,
All the ſmiling Year diſcloſes;
Ceaſe to trifle, and delay:

Now,

Now, a kinder Task aſſuming,
Thither lead *Eliza*, blooming,
Brighter, ſweeter much, than they.

III.

The full-orb'd Moon aſcends the Skies,
And leads her glittering Train along:
Here, fairer far! *Eliza* lies,
With trembling Heart, and downcaſt Eyes,
A Maid! —— a Maid no more to riſe!
All around the Virgin Throng
Sweetly ſings the Nuptial Song.

IV. *Nuptial Song.*

Smiling *Venus!* Queen of Love!
Urgent Wiſhes, warm Deſires,
Diſpenſe, indulgent, from above,
Sprightly Raptures, laſting Fires.
Greatly bleſs this happy Pair,
Make them thy peculiar Care,

Kindly chuſe from all thy Treaſures,
And beſtow the choiceſt Pleaſures.

V.

Come, you pretty little *Loves*!
Gentle as your Mother's Doves,
Aſſiſt the Raptures of the Night,
And fill them them up with full Delight:
Soft Embraces,
Fond Careſſes,
Charms inviting,
Hearts uniting,
Soothing Murmurs, balmy Kiſſes,
And the deareſt Bliſs of Bliſſes,

VI.

Make them ſtill repeat the Bleſſing,
Freſh, and eager, by poſſeſſing,
With ecſtatick Pleaſure ſtriving,

Glowing,

Glowing, ſighing,
Panting, dying,
Dying often, oft reviving.

VII.

Crown, you Gods! their Nuptial Joys
With ſmiling Girls, and curling Boys!
Grant them Health, and length of Days!
Rich, and Happy, let them ſee
A blooming fair Poſterity,
Deckt with Merit, Rank, and Praiſe!

VIII.

The Bridegroom comes, with haſty Pace,
Love triumphant in his Face:
Much impatient, all on Fire,
Not enduring more delay,
See, he trembles with Deſire:
Come, you Virgins! all away,

The DECLAIMER.

I.

WOman! thoughtleſs, giddy Creature,
Laughing, idle, flutt'ring thing:
Moſt uncertain Work of Nature,
Still, like Fancy, on the Wing.

II.

Slave to ev'ry changing Paſſion,
Loving, hating, in extream:
Fond of ev'ry fooliſh Faſhion,
And, at beſt, a pleaſing Dream.

III.

Lovely-Trifle! dear-Illuſion!
Conquering-Weakneſs! wiſht-for-Pain!
Man's chief Glory, and Confuſion,
Of all Vanity moſt vain!

IV. Thus,

IV.

Thus, deriding Beauty's Power,
Bevil call'd it all a Cheat;
But in leſs than half an Hour
Kneel'd, and whin'd, at *Celia*'s Feet.

MUSIDORA.

SHE's beauteous as *Venus*, and mild as *Aurora*,
Diſcreet as *Minerva*, and youthful as *Flora*.
The *Virtues*, her Guards, never ſlumber nor ſleep,
But a ſtrict Watch around her eternally keep.
The *Loves* are her Lacquies, ſtill running before her,
The *Graces* her Dreſſers. --- All Creatures adore her.
Rejoyc'd at her Preſence fond *Nature* looks gay:
The *Trees* bow their Heads on each ſide of her Way:

The *Flowers* ſend forth a Profuſion of ſweet:
The *Graſs* looks more green that is trod by her Feet:
The *Birds* hover round, as ſhe trips it along,
And improve from her Voice the beſt Notes of their Song.
Great *Phœbus* himſelf is delighted to ſee
A *Power* more bright, and all-cheering than He,
And ſtopping his *Steeds* in the midſt of their Way,
He gazes,——forgetting to drive on the Day.

A PRAYER *to* LOVE.

GReat God of Love! have Pity on your Slave,
Indulgent, hear, the humble Boon I crave:
Extinguiſh in my Breaſt this raging Flame,
Or make my charming Fair One feel the ſame;
On Her and Me alike your Power prove,
And grant Us both Indifference, or Love!

CELIA.

CELIA.

WHen beauteous *Celia*, ſilent, ſhews her Face,
Adorn'd with each celeſtial blooming Grace,
Ten thouſand ſmiling *Cupids* fill the Place,
And fetter'd Lovers, pining, round her die:
But Providence regardful of Mankind,
With Pride and Folly overſtock'd her Mind,
From which, whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, the Wretches find
Returning Life, and Health, and Liberty.

The Modiſh LOVER.

I.

With down-caſt Eyes, and folded Arms,
Young *Myrtle* ſaunter'd out one Day,
Reflecting on *Florinda*'s Charms,
The Fair, the blooming, and the gay;
Deeply he ſigh'd, his Boſom all a-flame,
And on the Duſt he flouriſh'd out her Name.

II.

Next Morn, abroad he walk'd again,
Much alter'd ſince the Day before:
A good Night's Reſt had cur'd his Pain,
Nor was *Florinda* thought of more.
But giddy Chance the fickle Youth had brought
Cloſe by that Spot where he her Name had wrote.

III. The

III.

The Place recalls to mind his Flame,
When all in Love he wander'd there:
'Twas here, He cries, I left the Name
Of Yeſterday's commanding Fair.
Penſive a-while he ſtood, then look'd to find
What beauteous Image had poſſeſs'd his Mind.

IV.

But vain, alas! his Searches prove,
The Rain had fall'n, the Wind had blown,
And ſympathizing with his Love,
Away was every Letter flown:
Nor could his faithleſs Memory declare
Whoſe Name he Yeſterday had flouriſh'd there.

A Caſe of Conſcience. A TALE.

'TWAS ſaid, by thoſe of old, Beware,
Conſider well before you ſwear.
The Counſel's good without diſpute,
And ev'ry prudent Man will do't.
But, if you've ſworn (be added now)
Take heed how you perform your Vow.
How, Sir! a *Caſuiſt* replies,
(And wildly ſtares with both his Eyes)
Pray have a care, leſt what you ſay
Takes all the Force of Oaths away.
Miſtake me not, good Sir; what I
From that Precaution would imply,
Is this; —— an Oath perform'd, may be
Ruin, perhaps, or Injury,

To One, or more: —— then I aver,
The Breach of ſuch an Oath is far
Leſs ſinful than it was to ſwear.

What's this to me? the Reader cries:
Poor Stuff! Will Poets ne'er be wiſe!
But ſcribble, without Wit, dull Rhyme,
Meerly to fool away the Time:
How comes this Dreamer elſe to fall
On Matters caſuiſtical?

Stay, ſtay, my angry Friend, forbear,
Nor thus condemn before you hear.
Poets, delighted with the Chimes
Of flowing Verſe, and eaſy Rhimes,
Miſtaken, dance enchanted Rounds,
Forſaking Senſe for empty Sounds:
This is acknowledg'd, to their Shame,
But are not *Readers* too to blame?
To blame! for what? — Your ſelf have ſhown,
By judging ere the Caſe is known.

The Caſe! what Caſe? Pray read the Story.
Where is it? Why it lies before ye.

The STORY.

Juſt nine Months after *Joan* and *John*
From two were conjur'd into One,
Their Friends and Neighbours round about
Are ſummon'd to the Crying-out.

The Goſſips come: and honeſt *Joan*
Receives them all with many a Groan.
John taps the Ale, and cuts the Cheeſe:
Come eat, and drink, whate'er you pleaſe;
Kind Neighbours all, I'm glad to ſee ye,
Here's the good *Woman*'s Health unto ye.
Quick moves the Bowl: their Clappers run,
Of what was, and what was not done:
All ſpeak at once: of various Things;
With Mirth and Noiſe the Chamber rings.

This, tells, what happen'd at her Marriage,
And That, the Cauſe of her Miſcarriage:

One proves the whole myſterious Art
Of managing a Husband's Heart,
And how a prudent Wife with eaſe
May make him do — whate'er ſhe pleaſe.
Another, plain beyond all doubt,
Why ſhe was ne'er with Child makes out;
And with much Reaſon does aver,
The Fault could no ways be in Her.
What Matches are in hand they ſhew,
And whiſper round who lies with who.
Some Secret ev'ry one pretends,
To ſcandalize her abſent Friends,
And when ſhe's out of breath with Railing,
Cries out, — But who's without a Failing!
Joan lies attentive to their Chat,
Of Cocks and Bulls, and This and That,
In hopes to hear ſome piece of News
Of Service for her private Uſe,

In caſe her *John* ſhould ever dare
Attempt the Management of Her:
Tho' his Obedience to her Will
Had been with due Submiſſion ſtill;
'Tis beſt, however, to provide
For all may poſſibly betide.

But now, her Pains with greater Force
Come on: and *Joan* grows worſe and worſe.
Her Hands ſhe wrings with piteous Moan,
And ſighs, and doubles ev'ry Groan.
The Good-Wives hearing ſuch a clutter
Forſake their Cups, and haſte about Her.
All are employ'd: — This ſets the Cradle;
That, ſtirs the Cawdle with a Ladle;
One, airs the Clouts, and makes 'em ready;
Another, waits to take the Baby.
Some, bid her be of hearty Cheer,
For her Delivery is near;

While

While Others, pity her Condition,
And fain would ſend for a Phyſician.
But, notwithſtanding all their Care,
Joan ſcreams, and groans, and tears her Hair.
Oh! I can never bear this Pain!
And then ſhe ſcreams, and groans again.
John all this time ſtood near the Bed,
And like a Poppy hung his Head:
He knew not what to do, or ſay,
And often wiſh'd himſelf away.
Joan ſees him: — *John!* ah *John!* ſhe cries,
(And thruſts her Fingers in her Eyes)
Indeed, you are a naughty Man
To put your Wife to all this Pain!
But you ſhall never do't again!
And then ſhe ſigh'd moſt grievouſly,
Good by't'ye, *John*, for I ſhall die!
Poor *John*, a fond good-natur'd Fellow,
At this began to ſob and bellow,

Proteſting he would give his Life
And all he had to ſave his Wife,
Joan was, in truth, exceeding ill,
But not without her Cunning ſtill;
This was the Time, ſhe thought, to prove
The meaſure of her Husband's Love.
Come hither, *John*, ſhe weeping cries,
Kiſs your poor Wife before ſhe dies!!
John kiſs'd her: — Now kneel down, and ſwear,
If Heav'n my Life ſhould chance to ſpare,
That you will ne'er again require
I ſhould ſubmit to your Deſire,
Which I, you know, have always done,
Your Will preferring to my own.
This if I live. — But if I die —
You'll ne'er get ſuch a Wife as I.
John ſwore: — And now that Curſe on *Eve*,
Which dooms her Daughters all to grieve,

Forc'd

Forc'd *Joan* to give ſo loud a Squeal,
You might have heard it half a Mile.
When ſtreight, the Midwife full of Joy
Produc'd to *John* a ſwinging Boy.
He quite tranſported, kiſs'd the Child
To Death almoſt; *Joan* wept, and ſmil'd;
The laughing Goſſips round it come,
And Mirth and Pleaſure fill the Room.

Now ſafe, at Eaſe, and laid in Bed,
Joan ponders all her Neighbours ſaid;
Recovers Strength, is pert and gay:
And eats her Chicken every Day.

The Cares of Life are never done!
John's now baptizing of his Son:
And ſtruts to Church before the Folk,
As proud as any Turky-cock.
The Table's plentifully ſtor'd,
And chearful Healths go round the Board.

The Gueſts how pleas'd? — I cannot ſay;
They eat, and drank, and went their way.

A Month is paſt, that honeſt *Joan*
Has been conſtrain'd to lie alone:
A Month! a tedious time indeed!
(But fooliſh Cuſtom ſo decreed.)
Thank Heav'n 'tis paſt! The Sheets are air'd,
The Pillows laid, the Bed prepar'd:
They ſup: — *Joan* yawns; — The Clock ſtrikes [eight
Come, *John*, I dare not ſit up late:
Upon his Breaſt ſhe drops her Head:
Go, pr'ythee, *Suſan*, warm the Bed.
Joan's firſt in Bed: *John* ſoon undreſt:
A Kiſs: — Good-night: — and turns to reſt.
Such Uſage *Joan* had not expected,
She was not wont to be neglected:
Whate'er had been his other Cares,
John ſtill had minded her Affairs.

What

What can this mean? She fears to know;
He ne'er before had ſerv'd her ſo.
Reſtleſs ſhe toſſes, deeply ſighs;
The Tears fall trickling from her Eyes:
At length ſhe ſpeaks, My *John*! my Life!
Why turn'ſt thou from thy loving Wife?
Come lay thy Head upon this Breaſt,
And let me lull my Dear to reſt.
Ah *Joan!* ſays He, your former Pain
Forbids us — to lie cloſe again:
For your dear ſake I will refrain.
But let this hard Forbearance prove
The Greatneſs of your Husband's Love.
No, *John!* quoth ſhe, your faithful *Joan*
In Love ſhall never be out-done,
But always is prepar'd to ſhew
How She deſpiſes Death for You.
With this ſhe ruſh'd into his Arms,
And almoſt ſmother'd Him with Charms;

Glowing, with wanton Ardour, preſs'd
Her panting Boſom to his Breaſt,
My Dear! ſhe cries, do what you will,
My Duty is Obedience ſtill.

John pauſes:—what's the matter now!
I'd do't, ſays he, but for my Vow,
Strong beats her Pulſe, quick roll her Eyes;
You'd do't, but for your Vow! ſhe cries:
(Breathleſs, tranſported, round his Waſte
With both her Arms ſhe locks him faſt)
Indeed, my Love! 'tis all a Joke;
Raſh Vows are made but to be broke.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

HOW worthleſs is the Glory
Of being fam'd in Story,
For mighty Battles won!
The World within his Pow'r,
Could not prolong one Hour
The Life of *Philip*'s Son.

II.

Inſipid is the Pleaſure
Of hoarding Gold and Treaſure,
Which can't our Pains repay:
Not *India*'s Mines can buy Us
Content, with Peace ſupply Us,
Or baniſh Cares away.

III. But

III.

But happy paſt expreſſing,
Commanding every Bleſſing
A Mortal can attain,
Is He that loves ſincerely
Some gentle Fair One dearly,
And is belov'd again.

IV.

Whom blooming Beauty bleſſes,
A boundleſs Wealth poſſeſſes,
With Joy and Glory crown'd:
There's no ſuch thing as Pleaſure,
There's no ſuch thing as Treaſure,
But what in *Love* is found.

On MIRANDA's *Birth-day.*

An ODE.

I.

THy Voice, O Muſe! to ſounding Numbers [raiſe,
Strike, boldly ſtrike the tuneful String,
And make the Hills and Vallies ring:
Again the fair *Miranda* claims thy Lays:
Her *Natal Day* muſt ever be
Devoutly ſolemniz'd by Thee,
With gladſom Joy, and charmful *Harmony*.

II.

Be huſht, you *Winds!* let only *Zephyrs* blow;
You *Seas*, be calm; you *Rivers*! ſmoothly flow;
Gently,

Gently, you *Brooks!* in Silence creep along;
Let noiſy *Echoe* ſtill her babling Tongue;
Nor Bird, nor Beaſt, diſturb the Muſick of my Song:
Let *Diſcontent* its Murmur ceaſe,
And turbulent *Contention* be at peace.
Great *Jove!* propitious, from *Olympus* ſmile!
And Thou, bright *Phœbus!* ſtop thy Courſe a [while!

III.

To Thee, Great *Jove!* eternal King!
To Thee let every Creature bow,
To Thee who giv'ſt them every Thing,
Let All with thankful Voices ſing,
In Heav'n above, on Earth below.
Let other *Beings* bleſs thy Name,
For other Gifts beſtow'd on them,
While for *Miranda* we extol the ſame,
And low, before thy Throne, prefer
Our Praiſes and our Vows for her.

IV. How

IV.

How lovely haſt thou form'd the wond'rous *Maid!*
How bright! how ſweet! how exquiſitely fair!
Beyond Deſcription, and above Compare!
Her Smiles give Pleaſure round. The blooming [Spring
With all the Pride of *Flora*'s Stores array'd,
So bleſſes and rejoyces ev'ry Thing.
When ſhe among the Virgin Train appears,
No Beauty is obſerv'd but hers;
With ſuch ſuperior Grace the Crimſon Roſe
Amidſt a Bank of Daiſies grows:
So ſhines the Silver *Moon* amongſt the *Stars.*

V.

No more, you *Princes* of the *Earth!* no more
Boaſt your wide Sway, or your deſpotick Pow'r!
You rule not half ſo abſolute as She,
Whoſe Eyes command the Hearts of all they ſee
Ev'n you your ſelves (ſo happily ſhe reigns)
Would gladly give your Crowns to wear her Chains.

VI.

Miranda! heav'nly Maid! on Thee
We gaze with Wonder and with Ecſtaſie:
Leſs joys the Husband-man, when wide around
He views the cultivated Plain
Waving its golden Loads of Grain,
And all the Hills with juicy Cluſters crown'd.
In Thee alone compriz'd, we meet
Whatever *Fancy* can imagine Fair,
In Shape, in Feature, or in Air,
Awful as *Juno*, but as *Venus* ſweet.
More bleſt whoe'er the Gods ordain
To reap the Harveſt of thy Charms,
Than had They deſtin'd Him to reign,
And conquer Kingdoms by his Arms.

VII.

O Thou Supreme! whoſe Will is Fate,
Long may She live the Joy of all Mankind!

Ah!

Ah! make Her happy! — let her not be great!
Nor wear the ſmiling Mask of State,
While Diſcontent ſits brooding in the Mind!
Far off, where freezing Winter reigns,
And the loud North for ever blows,
Bound faſt in adamantine Chains,
On ſome bleak Rock white with eternal Snows,
Let raw-ey'd *Sorrow*, ſleepleſs *Care*,
Moroſe *Ill-nature*, mad *Debate*,
Repining *Envy*, trembling *Fear*,
Suſpicious *Jealouſy*, revengeful *Hate*,
Ungovernable *Rage*, complaining *Pain*,
Helpleſs *Diſtreſs*, and wild *Deſpair*, remain,
With all the wretched Train of human *Woes*.

VIII.

Old *Time!* from this auſpicious Day
Put thy threat'ning Scythe away,
And fill with golden Sand thy Glaſs;

Let the *Hours*
Crown'd with Flow'rs
Smile upon Her as they paſs.
Let the *Minutes* dance along,
Deckt in all their beſt Array,
Full of *Love*, and full of *Play*,
Ever charming, ever young:
Each on its Brows a roſy Garland wear,
Unknown to pining Grief, and Strangers all to Care.
Let *Health* delightſom as the Morn,
Plenty with her *Wine* and *Corn*,
Bleſt *Content*, and blooming *Joy*,
And *Cupid* all-commanding *Boy*,
With *Mirth* and *Pleaſure* Hand in Hand,
Lead the wanton laughing Band:
Peace ſweetly tune her ſilver Strings,
And *Happineſs* o'er all expand her downy Wings.

A SOLILOQUY.

O! quantum eſt in Rebus inane!

I.

MY God! whence comes it, that the human [Soul,
Unſatisfy'd with all Things here below,
From Wiſh to Wiſh muſt diſcontented roll,
Nor Joy ſincere, nor laſting Pleaſure know;
But tho' obtaining all it ſought before,
It ſighs, and finds there's ſomething wanting more?

II.

Not all the Wealth and Titles of the Great
Can to the Mind enduring Comfort bring,
Not all the gaudy Pageantry of State,
Not all the envy'd Grandeur of a *King:*

While Crowds contend, his Orders to obey,
Himſelf's not leſs diſſatisfy'd than They.

III.

The *Lover* panting o'er the Fair One's Charms,
Poſſeſſing all his eager Hopes deſir'd,
Finds not that Heav'n he fancy'd in her Arms,
But hangs his Head, with fond Embraces tir'd;
His Paſſion fled, extinguiſh't all his Fires,
To ſome freſh Joy his reſtleſs Thought aſpires.

IV.

Not long, delightful, o'er the ſocial Bowl,
Can Muſick charm, or Laughter make Him glad:
Mirth ſoon becomes a Burthen to the *Soul*;
Ev'n while He feaſts the Heart of Man grows ſad,
Drooping, uneaſy, tho' He knows not why:
Sorrow ſucceeds, and all his Joy's a Sigh.

V.

Like Dreams our long-expected Pleaſures paſs,
Exiſting only in the Sleeper's Brain,

Or

Or like the airy Semblance in a Glaſs,
Or like ſome Shadow fleeting o'er the Plain;
So much unable to content the Mind,
So vain are all thoſe empty Joys we find!

VI.

O Thou! all-wiſe! all-great! from whom we ſee
On all thy Creatures endleſs Bounty flow,
Is *Man* alone debar'd Felicity?
And muſt He, only, Care and Sorrow know?
While happy Brutes their Faculties employ
On what they wiſh, and all they wiſh enjoy.

VII.

O, no: more happy *Man!* thy GOD All-juſt
As well as Great, All-merciful as Wiſe,
Thy Body, for the Earth compos'd, of Duſt,
But form'd thy Soul immortal, for the Skies:
Its Scorn of all Enjoyments here may ſhow
He not deſign'd it to abide below,

VIII.

Here, *Brutes* their groveling Appetites ſolace,
Their All, their utmoſt Happineſs enjoy:
But GOD for *Man* reſerves a better Place,
And Joys divine, which never fade, nor cloy,
Eternal, pure, ecſtatick Bliſs, deſign'd
To fill the Wiſh of his immortal Mind.

IX.

O *Soul!* thou Emanation from on high!
Thou *Ray* divine! that only paſſeſt through
This dirty Road, to thy own native Sky,
How poor and baſe to thy exalted View
Muſt all its tinſel'd trifling Joys appear!
No wonder Thou canſt not be happy here.

X.

As longs the weary *Traveller* for Reſt,
Faint with the Heat and Labour of the Day;
As pines the Infant for its Mother's Breaſt,
And nothing elſe its Cravings can allay:

As the touch'd Needle trembles for the *Pole*,
So *Heav'n* alone can ſatisfy the *Soul*.

EPITAPH.

OF all my *Cares*, and all my *Pains*,
If ought commendable remains,
Be that my *Monument*: — if not,
Let Me for ever be forgot.

An HYMN.

I.

TO God ſupreme, let every Thing
Chant forth harmonious Songs of Praiſe:
At once let Earth and Heav'n ſing,
How great his *Pow'r*, how juſt his *Ways*.

II.

Exalt the Voice, to Him alone,
To Him from whom all Bleſſings flow:
Each Soul, before his awful Throne,
Bend down, with Adoration, low.

III.

O holy! holy! holy *Lord!*
Above, *Seraphick Beings* cry:
O holy! holy! holy *Lord!*
Let all Mankind, below, reply.

IV.

Soon as thy beauteous Work, the *Sun*,
His Race begins, with Glory bright,
Thy name we'll praiſe, *Eternal One!*
Late, as the Stars adorn the Night.

V.

Thee, firſt, Thee, laſt, with Heart and Voice,
The ſwelling Pipe, the ſounding String,

Thank-

Thankful we'll worſhip: and rejoice
Before our *Maker* and our *King*.

The Duty of a POET.

TO Follow *Nature* whereſoe'er ſhe leads,
Through Courts or Camps, o'er Hills or flow'ry Meads,
To picture all things as they really are,
Vice dark and loathſom, *Virtue* bright and fair,
Becomes the *Poet*: —Him the Gods have giv'n
A Soul divine, ally'd to them and Heav'n.
Great is his Pow'r: -- to keep the Rolls of Fame,
To give an honour'd, or an hated Name,
Immortal Glory, or eternal Shame.
O! may He well diſcharge this ſacred Truſt!
Wiſe to diſtinguiſh, obſtinately juſt;

May

May He crown Virtue whereſoe'er it dwells,
Deſpis'd, eſteem'd, in Palaces, or Cells;
On *Vice* triumphant may his Rage be ſhown,
And make it tremble tho' it mounts a Throne:
May *Hopes* nor *Fears* his gen'rous *Soul* pervert
Born *Judge* o'er all Mankind——
Unmov'd may He his native Rights aſſert.
Paſſion nor Prejudice his Steps miſguide,
Nor Greatneſs tempt him from the juſter Side:
For injur'd *Innocence* may He be bold,
Nor meanly ſtoop to barter Truth for Gold.
May He ſtand firmly in his Country's Cauſe,
A Bulwark for her Liberties and Laws;
The Traytor damn to everlaſting Shame,
But crown the *Patriot* with eternal Fame:
Him may He raiſe to ſuch a glorious Height,
That all Mankind tranſported at the ſight,
Virtue's celeſtial Beauties may admire,
And each Soul glow with emulating Fire.

CLARINDA.

GRateful, ſincere, good-natur'd, mild, humane,
Wiſe, and yet humble: witty, but not vain:
Above her Sex divine *Clarinda* ſoars,
Faultleſs herſelf, ſhe Others Faults deplores;
Their Affectation treats with juſt Diſdain,
And ſcorns the little Arts by which They reign.

How fair our Great-firſt-Parent's lovely Frame,
When perfect from her Maker's Hand ſhe came!
Sweetly Majeſtick! — each endearing Grace,
Each Charm celeſtial blooming in her Face,
Her Form *Clarinda*'s — had her Soul been ſo,
She ne'er had ſinn'd, nor Man been doom'd to Woe.

The

The EXPOSTULATION.

I.

WHY ſhould I pine, lament, and die,
For one kind Glance of *Flora*'s Eye;
Or ſue to her who ſlights my Pains,
Contemns my Vows, my Love diſdains?
While ſuch a beauteous Throng appear,
More kind than ſhe,—tho' none ſo fair.

II.

More ſoft ſhe ſeems than falling Snow;
Or ſilver Streams that gently flow,
When thoſe bewitching Eyes I view,
They look as they could pity too;
But when to her I make my Moan,
She's harder than the hardeſt Stone,

III. No

III.

No longer will I waſte my Time,
And ſpend in vain my youthful Prime,
To court a Maid, whoſe chiefeſt Joy
Is how to torture and deſtroy:
I won't be any longer blind,
For none are charming but the kind.

IV.

But, ſtay:—— Behold the blooming Fair!
Her graceful Shape! her lovely Air!
All my Reſolves are flown away,
Like Ghoſts at the approaching Day;
And as the Sun the Flow'r revives,
My Paſſion in her Preſence thrives.

V.

'Tis vain elſewhere to ſeek Redreſs,
For She, and only She, can bleſs:
Ev'n while I to forget her try,
For her, and her alone, I die:

May Heav'n, that made her fair, diſpoſe
Her Breaſt to cure the Lover's Woes!

LOVE's *Progreſs.*

LOVE wander'd out, one Summer's Day,
'Till He, benighted, loſt his Way:
Then whither knowing not to go,
Or where to lie, or what to do,
With bloated Cheeks, and blubber'd Eyes,
With Sighs, and Sobs, and piteous Cries,
Upon the dewy Graſs He lay,
Expecting the Return of Day.

Some Shepherds watching on the Plain
Their ſleeping Flocks, heard him complain;
Nor were his loud Laments in vain;
For to his Aid they quickly came,
And ask'd his Buſineſs, and his Name.

He told them, that his whole Employ
Was to ſmile, and kiſs, and toy,
To hope, and fear, and wiſh, and ſigh,
And with Exceſs of Pleaſure die.
Cupid's my Name (adjoin'd the Boy)
Venus my Mother, I her Joy;
The *Court*'s my Place of Reſidence,
I Yeſter-morning came from thence,
But cannot find my Way from hence.
The joyful Shepherds crowding round,
Raiſe weary *Cupid* from the Ground:
His Cheeks they kiſs, and wipe his Eyes,
With Acclamations fill the Skies.
Advanc'd upon their Shoulders high
They bear the now-contented Boy:
To rural Muſick dance along,
Each tunes his Reed, or ſings a Song.
Rejoicing, all with gladſome Shouts
Conduct him to their humble Huts,

And ſpread the wholeſome cleanly Board
With what their fruitful Plains afford.
Cream, Butter, Cheeſe, and ſuch like Fare,
The luſcious Grape, and juicy Pear,
And purple Mulberry was there;
With Damſons gloſſy from the Tree,
And Honey from the Virgin Bee.

Love was with this ſo pleas'd, he ſwore,
That He would never leave them more:
But fix his *Empire* on the Plain,
And only over Shepherds reign.

At Court the Loſs of *Love* was known,
Almoſt ſo ſoon as He was gone:
Thoſe who had own'd his gentle Sway,
And vow'd his Godhead to obey,
Sent Meſſengers to ſeek him out,
Through all the Cities round about;
But never ſearch'd the Groves and Plains,
Or thought to find Him 'mong the Swains:

And

And ſo their Care was all in vain,
Their Labour only for their Pain.
Love thus to flow'ry Meadows gone,
Tyrannick *Plutus* ſeiz'd the Crown,
And fill'd his abdicated Throne:
Uſurp'd his Pow'r, repeal'd the Laws
Whereby he gain'd ſuch juſt Applauſe;
And, quite devoid of Fear, or Shame,
Aſſum'd his Titles, and his Name:
Set his own Idol in the Place
Where *Cupid*'s ſacred *Statue* was,
And with an arbitrary Sway
Compell'd his Subjects to obey.
Love, ſince that time maintains his Court,
And reigns among the poorer ſort,
With Nymphs and humble Shepherds dwells,
And viſits thoſe in lowly Cells:
While *Plutus* lords it o'er the Great,
And with the Mighty rules in State,

Where *Love* is now ſo quite forgot,
Except his Name they know him not.

The Regions of LOVE.

——*procul hinc procul eſte Profani.*

BEyond two *Hills*, whoſe beauteous Summits [riſe
With equal Grace, a pleaſant *Valley* lies.
Here *Nature* liberally her Gifts beſtows:
Delightful *Land!* where Milk and Honey flows!
Hence, far and wide extends an ample *Plain*,
Profuſely grateful to the *Tiller*'s Pain,
Where Corn, and Wine, and Oyl, rejoice the happy Swain.
Juſt in the Midſt, an antient *Land-mark* ſtands,
Points out the *Country*, and divides the *Lands*:
And here the *Traveller* begins to prove
Refreſhing Odours from the Groves of *Love*.

From

From this, ſtreight on, the *Mount* of *Venus* lies,
Eaſy aſcends, and raviſhes the Eyes.
Here *Venus*' Gardens: here for ever green
With Bloſſoms crown'd eternal Spring is ſeen:
Here *Flora*'s Bounty all the Ground beſtows,
The Pink, the Lilly, Violet, and Roſe,
At once their blended Fragrancy diſcloſe.
Here, Woodbines intermix'd with Jeſſamine,
Around the Orange their Embraces twine,
Whoſe loaded bending Boughs ſupport the cluſter'd Vine.

Gently deſcending, lies a *Myrtle-Grove*,
Sacred to *Venus*, and the *God of Love*;
Hence all *Arabia*'s balmy Sweets ariſe,
Unite their Odours, and perfume the Skies.
Quite thro' the Glade a Chryſtal *River* flows,
Balſamick, healing all the *Lover*'s Woes,
And ſpicy Shrubs along its Banks extend their graceful Rows.

Ten thouſand ſmiling *Cupids*, ever gay,
Beauteous, and Young, among the Branches play,
And ſhew the doubting *Paſſenger* his Way.

For ever open, in the Center ſtands
Love's ſacred Dome, and all around commands.
Delight and *Pleaſure* at the *Porch* attend,
To introduce thee to thy Journey's End.
Then enter, *Traveller*, thy Homage pay
Before *Love*'s Throne, and on his *Altar* lay
Thy grateful Sacrifice: (*Diſtruſt*, and *Fear*,
And ill-tim'd *Modeſty* are baniſh'd here)
Boldly perform his *Rites*; propitious, He
Will crown Thee with ſublime Felicity.

The

The Unfortunate SHEPHERD.

A BALLAD.

I.

HIS Heart e'en broke with ſighing,
Beneath a Willow-ſhade,
Deſpairing, almoſt dying,
Was love-ſick *Strephon* laid:
His Sheep their Food forſaking,
Went ſtraggling o'er the Plain,
All mournfully partaking
The Sorrows of the Swain.

II.

A-down his Cheeks faſt flowing,
His Tears the Graſs bedew:
A woeful Object! ſhowing
What luckleſs *Love* can do.

Tow'rd *Cloe*'s Habitation
A wiſhful Glance he ſent,
And full of Lamentation
Began his ſad Complaint.

III.

O *Cloe!* moſt inhuman!
O moſt unhappy Me!
But ſoon, (O cruel Woman!)
Kind *Death* will ſet me free;
Tho' You with Frowns receive me,
And treat me with Diſdain,
He kindly will relieve me,
And end my raging Pain.

IV.

How happy is the *Shepherd*
Who pipes in yonder *Grove*;
His *Sheperdeſs*, good-natur'd,
With *Love* repays his *Love!*

But

But *Cloe!* Cruel *Cloe!*
My *Paſſion* does deſpiſe,
Will never hear my Story,
But ſcornful from Me flies.

V.

Full gayly paſt each Seaſon,
Ere ſhe, relentleſs *Fair!*
Bereav'd Me of my Reaſon,
And doom'd Me to Deſpair:
But now, my Reed rejected,
Lies uſeleſs on the Ground,
My once lov'd *Flocks* neglected,
At random wander round.

VI.

O *Cloe!* from thy Lover
Turn not thine Eyes away,
When Him Thou ſhalt diſcover
A Lifeleſs Lump of Clay:

But grant my laſt Petition,
The Boon I dying crave,
To pity my Condition,
And follow to my Grave.

VII.

Where *Cloe*'s Sheep are feeding,
He turns his ſtreaming Eyes,
And ſees *Amyntas*, ſpeeding
To where the *Fair One* lies:
The much-lov'd *Youth* expecting,
Upon the Graſs ſhe lay,
All-penſive, and reflecting,
And wiſh'd the cloſing Day.

VIII.

Poor *Strephon* ſaw their Greeting:
What Tongue can tell his Pain!
Embraces oft repeating,
They tript along the Plain;

Sunk down with Grief and Wonder,
Adieu, vain World! he cry'd,
His Heart-ſtrings burſt in-ſunder,
And groaning thrice he dy'd.

To FLORA, *with a Roſe.*

IN this, my lovely *Maid!* You ſee
How blooming ſweet and fair You be;
But quickly turn away your Eye,
Leſt you behold it fade and die.
Beauty's a Shade that fleets away;
Life has Wings, and will not ſtay.

A SONG.

HAD I the World at my Command,
And own'd the Wealth of Sea and Land,
To *Flora* I'd preſent it all,
And at her Feet lay down the Ball.

Or was my Life by Scraps ſuſtain'd,
From Door to Door by begging gain'd,
Would ſhe be mine, I'd bleſs my Fate,
Nor wiſh a more exalted State.

Poſſeſſing Her, or rich, or poor,
What is there to deſire more?
There's Nothing precious but her Charms,
And *Pleaſure* dwells but in her Arms.

O grant, You Pow'rs! the Fair I love
May to my Vows propitious prove,
And from your Altars ſhall ariſe
The Smoke of daily Sacrifice.

Among the Bleſſings You beſtow
On craving Mortals here below,
But make the lovely Maiden mine,
I'll all the reſt with Joy reſign.

To FLORA

Asking how well I Love Her.

THAT I love You, pray believe,
But enquire not how well:
All the Anſwer I can give,
Is, My Life! I cannot tell.

Bid

Bid me in the ſmiling Spring
Count the Leaves and Bloſſoms gay;
And the Birds that ſweetly ſing
In the charming Month of *May.*

Bid Me, on the duſty *Plain*
Count the Atoms which ariſe,
Tell the Drops that fill the Main,
Or the Stars that gild the Skies;

Meaſure out the Depth of *Hell,*
Or the Height of *Heav'n* prove:
Theſe I eaſier can tell
Than how much it is I love.

LOVE

LOVE *and* PHILOSOPHY.

WHY beats my Heart when *Flora*'s nigh,
As it would from my Boſom fly?
Whence does this melting Softneſs riſe,
When her my raptur'd Soul eſpies?
Why, gazing, do I ſpeechleſs ſtand,
And tremble when I touch her Hand?
How does a Smile, a Glance, a Word,
Unutterable Joys afford?
Teach me, you learn'd in *Nature*'s Laws,
You who have ſearch'd, and found the Cauſe,
Why Planets roll, and Tempeſts blow,
And Seaſons change, and Oceans flow:

Whence

Whence comes my *Flora*'s boundleſs Sway?
Why muſt She rule, and I obey?
What's *Love*? declare its wond'rous Riſe,
Shew how the Soul ſpeaks thro' the Eyes:
Tell why, together, in Exceſs,
Love's Pains torment, its Pleaſures bleſs.
Vain Dotards! ſhould you *Flora* view,
To all your boaſted Arts adieu,
One Look from her would more than prove,
No Science can account for Love.
A *Power* ſupream, o'er all it reigns,
And binds the Univerſe in Chains.

On FLORA.

WHat Joy! what Dread! when *Flora* I behold,
Fair as the Spring, but as the Winter cold.

ANOTHER.

MY *Flora* frowns: What threatning Storms ariſe!
She ſmiles: What new-born Glories deck the Skies!

VALEN-

VALENTINO

AND

CLEANTHE.

A TALE.

Improbe Amor! quid non mortalia pectora cogis. Virg.

Post longos Gemitus, exhaustaque Lumina fletu
Assiduo, post Lamenta, & convulsa frequenti
Pectora singultu, moriens finivit Amores. Mantuan.

Valentine and Orsonbe.

A TALE.

THE Force of Love, the Anguish of
Despair,
The Wretch forsaken, and the faithful
Fair,
In mournful Strains I sing — All you that hear
My Tragic Tale, in Pity drop a Tear,
And learn, from Misfortune in this Story drawn,
By others Evils to prevent your own.

Valentino and *Cleanthe*.

A TALE.

THE Force of Love, the Anguiſh of Deſpair,
The Wretch forſaken, and the faithleſs Fair,
In mournful Strains I ſing.—All you that hear
My Tragic Tale, in Pity drop a Tear,
And learn, from Miſchiefs in this Story ſhown,
By others Evils to prevent your own.

Where *Tame* and *Iſis* joyn, two Houſes ſtood,
Of humble Height; built from a neighbouring Wood:
Two once they were: but Friendſhip's ſacred ſway
Had pluck'd the intervening Walls away,
And made of both but One; with Plenty bleſt,
Two widow'd *Yeomen* joyntly this poſſeſs'd.
Friends They had always been, but after Fate
Had each depriv'd of his beloved Mate
Their Families they joyn'd, and all their Store
Together mix'd, ne'er to be parted more.
No Chronicle, before that time, could ſhew
So ſtrict a Friendſhip as between theſe Two:
For ſeldom did they ever part by Day,
And in one Bed at Night together lay.
Their Age, their Humour, their Deſires the ſame,
And all Things common, but each Other's Name;
Nay, e'en their Names (as ſhall anon be ſhown)
They had at Heart to joyn, and make but one.

Their

Their lowing *Herds* no ſingle Maſter know,
For in one *Pail* their Streams together flow;
Their Harveſt, with united Labour ſown,
United Care gets in, and neither thinks his own.
Or This, or That, as Chance or Fancy guides,
To vend their rural Stores, at Market, rides:
The Money in one common Cheſt was laid,
Nor any Difference its Diviſion made.
Wide as the Eye could reach, the Land around
Was all their own; and Plenty bleſs'd the Ground:
An ample Fortune! — yet their frugal Board
Did Food, for Health, not Luxury, afford.
No *French* Ragoût, or Fricaſſy was there,
But plenteous Store of wholſome country Fare,
The Ox, the Sheep, the Partridge, and the Hare:
No racking Wines from diſtant Regions brought,
But Ale from their own Malt ſupply'd the Draught;
Mirth crown'd their Cups: contented with their own
Full happily They liv'd, to pining Care unknown.

Fortune on all their Undertakings ſmil'd,
And Nature had beſtow'd on each an only Child,
Of Years the ſame; for Summer's cheerful Green,
And Winter Snows, each Sixteen times had ſeen:
The Comfort of their aged Parent's Days:
Different in Sex, alike deſerving praiſe.
He *Valentino*, She *Cleanthe* nam'd;
Their Worth by Fame was far and near proclaim'd:
For Beauty She, for Valour He renown'd,
Without Compeer the Country all around.
None more expert than He to chace the Deer,
Or dart the Otter with the bearded Spear;
None could than She more numerous Conqueſts boaſt,
For none beheld Her but his Heart was loſt.
Both dear alike to either Parent were,
Alike their Comfort, and alike their Care,
And each eſteem'd the Other's Child his Heir:
For from their Birth the ancient Folks deſign'd
Their Friendſhip, Wealth, and Name, ſhould in
theſe two be joyn'd.

A mutual Flame the youthful Pair inſpir'd,
And Fate ſeem'd pleas'd with what They all deſir'd:
He had no Senſe but of *Cleanthe*'s Charms,
And all the Bliſs ſhe hop'd was center'd in his Arms.
Whilſt o'er the Plains He drove the flying Prey,
She'd ſigh, — Why ſtays my *Love* ſo long away!
Come, come, my Life! to thy *Cleanthe* come;
Thy own *Cleanthe* calls, — ah! whither doſt thou roam?
Then forth ſhe'd range, impatient, all around
Liſt'ning, if from the Muſick of the Hound
She his Approach might learn, with open Arms
To welcome his Return, and bleſs him with her Charms:
In gentle Murmurs chide his tedious Stay,
And with a Kiſs compleat the Pleaſures of the Day.
Sometimes, reclin'd on his beloved Breaſt,
The moſſy Bank they both together preſs'd,
Their Arms, each Other circling; Pleaſures crown'd
Their bliſsful Brows, and *Cupids* hover'd round

Diffuſing blooming Joys, each Hour prov'd
A ſmiling Sign how happily they lov'd.
Sometimes, of Roſes ſhe would Chaplets twine,
In beauteous Order mixt with Jeſſamine,
And each delightſome Flow'r, whoſe Fragrancy
Could gratifie the Smell, or Colour pleaſe the Eye,
To grace her Lover's Brows: — *Cleanthe*'s Name
Carv'd on each Tree expreſs'd his equal Flame;
His Words, his Looks, and all his Actions prove
Ten thouſand ways the Greatneſs of his Love.
Sometimes in Ecſtaſies He claſp'd the Maid,
Tranſported with her Smiles: — You Gods! he ſaid,
My happy Fate I praiſe! Is there than this,
Is there, You *Pow'rs* Supreme! a greater Bliſs?
Thus, thus to hold *Cleanthe* in my Arms,
To taſte her Lips, to banquet on her Charms,
Is Heav'n, or ſomething more: while thus I hold
My *Charmer*, while my Treaſure I enfold

Within

Within theſe eager Arms, while She my Vows
With Pleaſure hears, my Ecſtaſies allows,
Angels to me are wretched, Kings are poor:
Be ſtill *Cleanthe* mine, You Gods! I ask no more!
Thus would He bleſs his Fate:—with ſmiling Grace
The *Fair* mean-while, enraptur'd, on his Face
Sighing would gaze, and meet his cloſe Embrace.

With Joy and Pleaſure fill'd, each happy Day
Slides on, and wing'd with Love the Moments haſte away.
Each graſſy Hill, and every gloomy Shade,
Was Witneſs of thoſe mutual Vows They made;
Such tender Vows of everlaſting Love,
That when the Angels in the Rolls above
Saw them recorded down, with Wonder they con-[feſs'd,
More than themſelves this Mortal Pair was bleſt.

But *Happineſs* is never at a Stay,
It makes it Wings, and quickly flies away;

Unconſtant

Unconſtant as the Winds, now here, now there,
Its Courſe it takes, nor tarries any where.
While with deluſive Hopes of ſmiling Joy
Vain Mortals hug themſelves, their Thoughts em-
On *Bliſs* alone, from their deceiv'd Embrace [ploy
Away the Phantom flies, and in its Place
Leaves ſad *Remorſe*, reſtleſs conſuming *Care*,
Heart-breaking *Anguiſh*, and Hell-born *Deſpair*.

Oh! *Valentino*! had o'er-ruling Fate
Ordain'd thy Joys as durable as great
No Bliſs could equal thine:—But thou muſt know,
(As thou haſt done of Joy) the laſt extreams of Woe.

While thus each Hour the youthful Couple prove
Whatever Pleaſures wait ſucceſsful Love,
Or ſpring from Innocence; one curſed Day,
When all their Guardian-Angels were away,
The fatal Cauſe of all their future Pain
By chance came riding o'er the peaceful Plain,

As

As fair *Cleanthe* tripping o'er the Graſs,
Was haſting to a Grove where *Valentino* was.
The charming Maid He ſaw, and ſeeing lov'd;
For who ſuch *Beauty* could behold unmov'd!
She too admir'd the Stranger's manly Grace,
And thought ſhe ne'er had ſeen a more engaging Face.

How great the Conſequence of trivial Things!
From what ſmall Cauſes mighty Miſchief ſprings!
Accurſed Interview! from hence aroſe
Cleanthe's faithleſs Change, and *Valentino*'s Woes.

Forbear, O *Muſe!* what Means this Stranger found
To make *Cleanthe* conſcious of that Wound
Her Eyes had giv'n his Heart, nor need'ſt Thou tell
Each various Circumſtance from hence befel;
But haſte to ſhew from whence this Stranger came,
Declare his Birth, his Country, and his Name.

Of

Of humble Parents, on the Banks of *Tweed*,
Simplicius led his Maſter's Flocks to feed,
A wretched Cottage Swain: his *Sunday* Cheer
Was Kale and oaten Bread, and Water was his Beer.
Deſpis'd, and poor, he liv'd, till call'd by Fate
The Plains he left upon my Lord to wait.
Now firſt, the homely Sheepskin caſt aſide,
A Livery trim'd with Lace indulg'd his native Pride:
Nor Fortune ceas'd where ſhe ſo well began,
But made him ſoon his *Lordſhip*'s Gentleman;
And with her unexpected Favours grac'd,
On mighty Things his ſanguine Hopes are plac'd.

Tall was his Stature, blooming was his Face,
Large were his Limbs, and ſtately was his Pace;
His ample Shoulders wide well ſeem'd to prove
Him fitted for the active part of Love:
In comely Order his black ſhining Hair
Hung curling to his Waſte, and wanton'd in the Air.

Brisk

Brisk were his Eyes, and ſparkling was their Fire,
Of Love expreſſive, glowing with Deſire.
Nature on Him did laviſhly diſpenſe
All outward Charms; but covetous of Senſe,
She gave him ſcarce a Grain: ——
Though what ſhe had in that reſpect deny'd,
Was with Aſſurance moſt abundantly ſupply'd.
Auſpicious Stars his natal Hour had bleſs'd
With ſmiling Omens; *Fortune* him confeſs'd
Her Favourite; and *Love* where-e'er he came
With ſure Succeſs indulg'd his changing Flame:
Nor here forſakes him: — but with new-born Fires,
Her former Vows forgot, *Cleanthe*'s Breaſt inſpires.
Ungrateful Fair! is *Valentino*'s Love
Rewarded thus? canſt Thou unfaithful prove
To ſo ſincere a Flame? how canſt Thou bear
To ſee him rack'd and tortur'd with Deſpair,
Whom Thou ſo well haſt lov'd? within whoſe Arms
So often Thou haſt lain? whoſe blooming Charms

Thou

Thou haſt beheld enraptur'd? — is He now
Leſs lovely than He was? Not He, but Thou,
Falſe Maid! art alter'd: He continues ſtill
To place his Heav'n in Thee, to make thy Will
The Rule of his Deſires. —— From thy Brows
His Days are fair or low'ring, all his Vows
Aſcend for Thee alone, his faithful Heart
Thinks thine ſo too, nor knows how falſe Thou art.
Aſſiſt, *Melpomene!* with ev'ry Strain
Of moving Woe, whilſt I the Lover's Pain,
The racking Pain of ſlighted Love declare,
His Grief, his Rage, his Madneſs, and Deſpair.
Not long, tho' with deceitful Smiles ſhe try'd,
Could ſhe her Change from *Valentino* hide;
Too plain, alas! her Falſhood He deſcries:
For what can 'ſcape a *Lover's* piercing Eyes?
And now, all Bounds rejecting, thro' his Soul,
Strongeſt by Turns, contending Paſſions roll.

Grief,

Grief, Anger, Love, Compaſſion for the Fair,
Scorn for his Rival, for himſelf Deſpair.
When furious Winds from different Quarters roar,
And drive the Surges headlong on the Shore,
When Mountain-high the foaming Billows riſe,
And daſh their frothy Tops againſt the Skies,
Ocean is calm, and *Nature* is at reſt,
If with that Storm compar'd which rages thro' his [Breaſt.
Mad with Deſpair, he viſits every Grove,
The conſcious Scenes of his once happy Love:
You Trees! he cries, which form this gloomy Shade,
And heard thoſe Vows my perjur'd Fair One made,
Long may you flouriſh: may the falſe One's Name
Long on your Bark upbraid her guilty Flame:
Wide may it ſpread, obſerv'd by ev'ry Eye,
Recording luckleſs Love, and helliſh Perjury.
By *Iſis*' winding Stream an Iſland made,
With Trees o'ergrown, ſupply'd a pleaſing Shade:

Here

Here oft (whilſt *Cupid* ſmil'd) the Lovers lay
On ſome green Turf, and happy, paſs'd the Day,
While both with eager Emulation ſtrove
How beſt to ſhew the Greatneſs of their Love.
This was the Place *Cleanthe* moſt admir'd
Of all the Groves, where oftneſt ſhe retir'd
With *Valentino*, ſmiling in his Arms;
Where firſt ſhe own'd her Flame, and bleſs'd him
with her Charms.
This, while the Gods ſo pleas'd, the bliſsful Scene
Of perfect Joy and Happineſs had been:
'Twas here, by all the Pow'rs Mankind adore,
Eternal Truth ten thouſand times ſhe ſwore,
Swore to be always his: —— that Time, nor Fate,
Which all things elſe deſtroy, her Flame ſhould e'er
[abate.
And now, no longer able to ſuſtain
Such racking Grief, ſuch Agonies of Pain,
This very Place the frantick Lover choſe,
To end his Sorrows, and compleat his Woe.

Here

Here come, to Heav'n he lifts his ſtreaming Eyes
Worn raw with briny Tears;—You Gods! he cries,
Is there on Earth ſo loſt a Wretch as I,
So void of Hope, ſo doom'd to Miſery?
Why? why? You Pow'rs! am I condemn'd to bear
Hell's Puniſhment, the Torment of Deſpair,
While You with Pleaſures crown the perjur'd Fair?
What is my Crime, to be thus ſtrangely curſt?—
Are there no Gods?—or are the Gods unjuſt?
With Woes o'erwhelm'd, now to that Bow'r he came,
Where firſt the falſe One vow'd a laſting Flame:
Thrice happy Bow'r! he cries, when to theſe Arms
The yielding Maid gave up her blooming Charms,

How bleſt didſt thou behold me! — In his Breaſt
Contending Paſſions ſtruggling ſtop'd the reſt;
Each former Joy does through his Boſom roll,
With preſent Grief compar'd, and racks his tor-
tur'd Soul.

Raving, outragious grown ——
On Death reſolv'd, his Piſtol in his Hand,
Curſing his Birth, does *Valentino* ſtand:
Sternly, around, his furious Eye-balls roll,
And ſpeak the dire Diſorder of his Soul.
Here, take, you Gods! he cries, that Life you gave:
I will no longer be this ſervile Slave;
On your hard Terms my Being I diſdain,
And fling your worthleſs Preſent back again.
What! ſhall I live a faithleſs Woman's Scorn!
Damnation! — 'tis a Thought not to be born!
No: ſpight of all your rigid Fates decree,
This friendly Ball ſhall end my Pains and Me.

O *Woman! Woman!* helliſh Sex! deſign'd
To tempt, betray, torment, and damn Mankind!
Confuſion on You all! Plagues blaſt your Charms!
And Death eternal harbour in your Arms!

No more He ſaid: — through his diſtracted Brain
The hiſſing Bullet drove, and ended all his Pain.

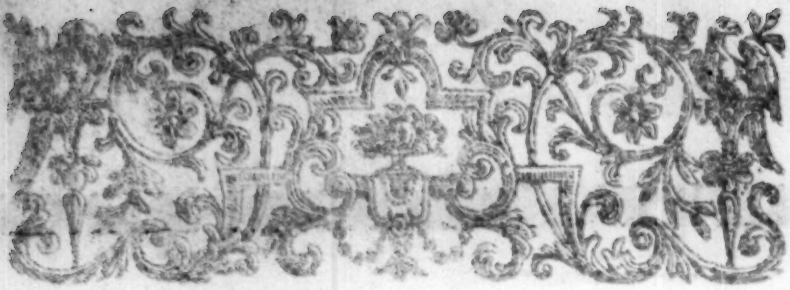
INVOCATION

TO

HEALTH.

AN INVOCATION OF HEALTH.

Virgin celeſtial! to the Poet's Vows
Thine Ear incline, conſenting ——



An Invocation of Health.

HEALTH! God Supreme! Offspring of Heaven! divine,
Inestimable Prize! whole Loß, nor Pow'r,
Diffinguiſht Rank, nor Riches, can ſupply:
Thee vainly wiſhing for, on downy Couch,
(Now Couch of Thorns) in agonizing Pain,
The torture'd Great Man lies: —— one Smile from
Thee,
Not Mines of Gold, nor Indies Wealth can buy.
But, kindly humble to the lab'ring Hind
Whole daily Task prefcrib'd, on ſome clean Straw,

AN

Invocation of Health.

HEALTH! Good Supreme! Offspring
of Heaven! divine,
Ineſtimable Prize! whoſe Loſs, nor *Power*,
Diſtinguiſht *Rank*, nor *Riches*, can ſupply:
Thee vainly wiſhing for, on downy Couch,
(Now Couch of Thorns) in agonizing Pain,
The tortur'd Great Man lies: —— one Smile from [Thee,
Not Mines of Gold, not *India*'s Wealth can buy.
But, kindly humble! to the lab'ring *Hind*
(Whoſe daily Task perform'd, on ſome clean Straw,

Ruſhes, or Flocks, in balmy Slumbers lyes)
Thou giveſt all thy Bleſſings: Him, ſecure
From Pains and Aches, guardeſt: When the Morn
With roſy Bluſhes calls him, freſh and ſtrong
He haſtens to the Field, Thou to the Field
Attend'ſt Him through the Labours of the Day,

Thou, not in Palaces, where dainty Cates
Are variouſly compounded, to ſtir up
Cloy'd Appetite; not where the jovial Bowl
Moves briskly round, in ſmiling Circles round!
Swift Time unheeded moves; where am'rous *Play*,
And wanton *Dalliance* fill the luſtful Hours:
But, Thou reſideſt in ſome lowly *Cot*,
Where humble Food, the *Raſher* from the Coals,
Sav'ry Repaſt! on homely Luncheon cut,
Affords delicious Banquet; not *Ragoût*,
Or *Fricaſſy*, or Second-Courſe to cloy
The *Stomach* fill'd before; but from the *Churn*,

Butter,

Butter, or *Cheeſe*, compleats the wholſom Meal,
Salubrious Draughts from the chryſtaline Spring
Are quaff'd delightſome: or when ſome great Day,
High Feſtival! uncommon Mirth demands,
Champaign, nor *Burgundy*, but much more worth
Than *Burgundi* or *Champaign*, nectareous Juice!
Cyder yclep'd, ſung by celeſtial *Bard*
In Lines immortal. —— O celeſtial *Bard!*
Might but theſe Lines immortal be like Thine!

Lovely *Hygeia!* on whoſe ruddy Cheek
A Bloom eternal glows, ſurpaſſing That
With which *Aurora* paints the Crimſon Morn:
Vouchſafe thy Preſence! nor yet leave behind
Thy fair Companions, ſprightly *Exerciſe*,
Smiling *Good-Nature*, hearty *Chearfulneſs*,
Chaſt *Temperance*, and ever bleſt *Content*.

Diſeaſe (thine Oppoſite) her ſable Wings
Expands, wide over-ſhadowing; all beneath,

Diſtreſsful

Diſtreſsful *Sorrow*, Heart-tormenting *Care*,
Horror, and *Pain*, ſhrill *Shrieks*, and moanful
Groans,
Blend dreadfully promiſcuous: a dire *Train*
Attends her Steps, unwearied. —— *Monſter* huge!
Whole Nations over-ſtriding, ſtalks along
Contagion, firſt: her baleful Eyes around
Rolling tremendous, whereſoe'er ſhe comes
Sad *Deſolation* reigns, her every Breath
Lays Regions waſte, ten thouſand dying Groans
From her each Step reſound: grim *Death* and She
March Hand in Hand, with Slaughter unſuffic'd.
Next, in the Train, ſwift *Febris* urges on,
Impetuous; her Eye-balls glowing red.
As from ſome Furnace, her ſcorcht Throat emits
Unſufferable Heat, along her Veins
The hiſſing Torrent boils: Not Oceans drunk
Her Thirſt can ſlake, or qnench her inward Fire.

Cloſe

Cloſe by her Side, ſtalks on in ſullen State,
Her Face with Scars unſeemly furrow'd o'er,
Bright *Beauty*'s Foe, malignant: wildly deaf
To *Lover's* Sighs, and blooming *Virgins* Tears.
Stretcht far behind, innumerable Bands
Dreadful move on, ſworn Foes to *Human Race*,
Marſhal'd by *Chiefs* of terrible Renown.
Hydrops unweildy, dragging on with Toil
A Bulk enormous: *Jaundice* yellow-ey'd
Slothful, reluctant moving: racking *Stone*,
With Pain exceſſive, unſupportable,
Loud ſhrieking: ſolemn, with a lordly Port,
Gout pitileſs Tormenter of the Great;
And *Rheumatiſm* full of aking Woe.
Unbrac'd her Nerves, or to ſupport or guide
Her ſhaking Limbs unable, totters on
Palſy half-dead. —— Diſſolving all away,
Moiſt *Diabetes*, each an Urinal
Inceſſant uſing leads her dripping Train.

Lepra

Lepra obſcene, o'erſpread with running Sores,
Emitting baleful Stench: nor leſs obſcene,
That *Monſter* horrible, begot long ſince
By *Luſt* on wanton *Dalliance*, ſhameful Birth!
Ten thouſand Forms aſſuming, *Proteus Spleen*
Her motly Troop conducts, with hideous Yell
Their Shape each Moment changing, Monſters dire!
Centaurs, *Chimeras*, *Gorgons*, *Fairies*, *Sprights*,
Inflicting curſt Variety of Woe.
Cloſe at her Heels comes raving *Lunacy*,
Foaming at Mouth; her Eye-balls wildly ſtare.
Her Teeth ſhe grinds, and ſtamping ſhakes the Ground;
Her Arms around ſhe flings, and to the Skies
Bellows loud Threats and Execrations dire.
Conſumption, laſt, a meager Skeleton,
Tall, haggard, pale; deep in their Sockets ſunk
Her Eye-balls dimly roll, extinct their Fire.
Slowly ſhe moves her feeble *Coarſe* along,

Whilſt ratling Coughs eternal heave her Breaſt,
Her Entrails piece-meal rending: moanful Sighs
Fly round her numberleſs, her Arms ſhe folds
Inly complaining, melancholy *Grief*,
Afflicting *Anguiſh*, Hell-begot *Deſpair*,
Brood in her Heart, and grind her very Soul.
Theſe, and ten thouſand more, Mankind's curſt Foes!
Hourly intent their vital Thread to cut
By *Guile*, or open *Violence*, circle round
Unthinking *Mortals*; watch their every Step,
Inſidious, and ruſh upon the Prey.

But, Thou! O *Health* divine! whoſe ſacred Look
Makes *Death* reluctant fly, before whoſe Face
Her grim Attendants recreant ſcud away!
Be *Thou* the *Poet*'s Guard! *Fortune* adverſe
Hath prov'd unkind, but be *Thou* not unkind,

Nor

Nor adverſe prove! conduct *Him* through Life's
Courſe
With thy ſafe-guiding Arm! grant *Him* ſerene
And quiet Days, no Sickneſs diſcompoſe
His thoughtful Soul; nor fancied *Ills* nor real
Suſpend his humble *Strains*, deſign'd to chace
Heart-gnawing *Care*, and lighten *human Woe!*

Advice to Coy FLORA.

I.

CONſider, *Flora!* Age will come,
And on You lay his icy Hand,
Which, even *Beauty* can't withſtand:
Eternal *Fate* has ſo decreed;
The *Roſes* which are now in Bloom,
Muſt leave your *Cheeks*;—nor in their Room
Will other *Roſes* e'er ſucceed.

II.

Thoſe Eyes which dull the *Diamond*'s Ray,
Where all the *Loves* and *Graces* play,
Their *Glories* loſt, ſhall dimly move,
Without one *Grace*, or ſingle *Love*;
And ſtrive in vain to raiſe Deſire,
Tho' now they ſet the *World* on Fire.

III. Then

III.

Then, meet the *Lover*, while You may;
With equal *Ardor* fill his Arms,
And bleſs him with complying Charms.
Swift roll the Years: — no more Delay;
For *Youth* prepares to wing away.

IV.

Beauty which has attain'd its Prime,
Begins to fade and wither ſoon:
O! wiſely uſe the precious Time!
For *Night* comes quickly after once 'tis *Noon*.

THYRSIS

THYRSIS *and* DAMON.

A SONG.

I.

Thyrſis. SImple *Damon!* tell me why
Doſt thou not reveal thy anguiſh,
But in Silence pine and languiſh?
To thy ſelf an Enemy.
If ſhe knows not of thy Grief,
How canſt thou expect Relief?

II.

Damon. While with Wonder I behold Her,
Words their friendly Aid deny:
But my Eyes have often told her,
That for Her alone I die.
Did her Breaſt to *Love* incline,
Sure her Eyes would anſwer mine.

III.

Thyrſis. Pr'ythee, learn to be more wiſe,
Court her Ears as well as Eyes:
Every Way your *Paſſion* ſhew,
If you would to Pity move her;
Looks alone will never do,
Women hate a ſilent *Lover.*

The REMONSTRANCE.

I.

VEil, *Flora!* veil, in Pity to *Mankind,*
Thoſe *Charms* which make all wretched,
but the Blind:
What Eye can ſuch exceſſive Luſtre bear!
Seeing is *Love,* and loving is *Deſpair;*
For ſoothing *Hope* but ſmall Relief can give,
Where Multitudes muſt die, and only one can live.

II. Forbear,

II.

Forbear, bright *Maid!* to find a ſavage Joy,
In having *Pow'r* unbounded to deſtroy:
With generous *Pity* human Quiet ſpare,
For gentle Mercy beſt becomes the *Fair:*
Withdraw thoſe Charms whence fatal Miſchiefs [flow,
And ſince you cannot cure, prevent the Woe.

EJACULATION.

WHat is, my *Soul!* this empty World to thee?
Its Riches? Droſs! its Pleaſures? Vanity!
Stretch forth thy Wings, and ſoar away,
Far hence, to Realms of bliſsful Day,
Where Pleaſures wait Thee worthy of thy Stay.

The STAGES *of* LOVE.

WHat ſtrange *Senſations* in his Boſom move,
When firſt the *Lover* feels the Flames of Love!
With pleaſing Joy he meditates the *Fair*,
Her Voice, her Smiles, her Shape, her ev'ry Air:
Each blooming Charm the kindling Fire blows,
'Till like a Furnace his whole Boſom glows:
Graceful her *Image* riſes o'er his *Soul*,
Takes full *Poſſeſſion*, and commands the whole.
He trembling, now, at awful Diſtance moves,
And, fearful, tells the lov'd One how he loves;
From her fair Lips, ſubmiſſive, waits his Doom,
While his pale Cheeks loſe all their roſy Bloom;
Watchful, obſerves each Motion of her Eyes,
And as ſhe frowns, or ſmiles, revives, or dies.
But if the *Fair* with Pity hears his Vows,
Receives his Paſſion, and his Flame allows,
Grateful,

Grateful, infolds him in her ſnowy Arms,
And for his *Pain* rewards him with her Charms;
Ungenerous He no longer owns her Sway,
But in return refuſes to obey:
His Flame extinguiſht, now, he ſighs no more,
But baſely ſlights whom He ador'd before;
The Scene reverſt, contrary Paſſions riſe,
She 'tis who follows now,——and *He* who flies.

To CYNTHIA's *Ghoſt.*

An ELEGY.

STay! Fleeting Air!
Thou dear reſemblance of my lovely *Fair!*
Why from me doſt thou fly, beloved *Shade?*
Not thus would ſhe thou pictureſt have fled.
Her Angel-Form, the Glories of her Face,
Her pleaſing Mein, her all-commanding Grace,

Thou

Thou wear'ſt indeed:—in Thee too let me find
Her only *Pride*,——the *Pride* of being kind.
Ah! let me claſp Thee in my eager Arms!
And once again inrich Me with thy Charms!
O let me taſte thoſe Lips where Nectar flows,
Thoſe Cheeks out-bluſhing the unfolding Roſe,
Thy Breath where all *Arabia*'s Spices joyn,
Sweeter than Myrtle Groves, or Wreaths of
Jeſſamine!
It may not be!——from my deceiv'd Embrace
The *Shadow* ſhrinks, and turns away its Face;
Stay, cruel *Shade!* O wherefore doſt thou fly?
Why to theſe Arms doſt Thou thy ſelf deny?
Stay: ſtay: Thou lovely *Semblance* of my *Fair!*
Will *Cynthia* leave her *Thyrſis* in Deſpair?
Let me, at leaſt, thy beauteous *Form* ſurvey,
And gaze——until I gaze my ſelf away!
Let me, once more, inraptur'd with Surprize,
Behold the uſual Sweetneſs of thine Eyes!

Let

Let me, once more, a wonted Smile receive,
And give a Joy which only Thou canſt give!
Stay, lovely *Shade!* dear *Semblance* of my *Fair!*
Will *Cynthia* leave her *Thyrſis* in Deſpair?
She's gone! ſhe's gone! outſtripping Thought ſhe fled,
To range the gloomy Regions of the Dead:
But tho' ſhe's gone, her Image in my Mind
In its full Bloom of Beauty's left behind.
Thyrſis! for ever there Thou may'ſt thy *Cynthia* find.

F I N I S.

FINIS.